

The contention of the two famous Houses,

His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate his oath, or what besides
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power I gesse them fifty thousand strong.
Now if the helpe of Norfolke and my selfe,
Can but amount to eight and forty thousand,
With all the friends that thou braue Earle of March,
Among the louing Welshmen canst procure,
Why via, to London will we march amaine,
And once againe bestride our foming Steeds,
And once againe cry, Charge vpon the foe,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I now methinkes I heare great *Warwicke* speake:
Nere may he liue to see a Sunshine day,
That cries retire, when *Warwicke* bids him stay.

Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, must Edward fall:
Which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,
The next degree is, Englands royall King;
And King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd,
In euery burrough as we passe along:
And he that casts not vp his cap for ioy,
Shall for the offence make forfeite of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Duke of Norfolke sends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puissant power,
And craues your company for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it sorts braue Lords.
Let's march away.

Exeunt omnes.

Exit

of Yorke and Lancaster

*Enter the King and Queene, Prince Edward,
Northerne Earles, with drumme
Souldiours.*

Queen. Welcome my Lord to this braue
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemy
That sought to be impaled with your Crowne
Doth not the obiekt please your eye my Lord
King. Euen as the rockes please them that
With-hold reuenge deere God, tis not my
Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious Lord, this too much
And harmefull pittie must be layde aside,
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle look
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his deere
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth
Not his that spoyles his young before his
Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall
Not he that sets his foote vpon her backe
The smallest worme will turne being trod
And Doves will pecke, in rescue of their
Ambitious *Yorke* did leuell at thy Crown
Thou smiling, while hee knit his angry brow
He but a Duke, would haue his sonne a King
And raise his issue like a louing Sire.
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly
Didst giue consent to disinherit him,
Which argu'd thee a most vnnaturall Father
Vnreasonable creatures feede their yong
And though mans face be fearefull to the
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with the
Which they haue sometime vsde in feare
Make warre with him, that climbs vnto
Offering their owne liues in their yong
For shame my Lord, make them your priuey

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